



PR
4502
.05
1886



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PR 4502
Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf ... 95
1886

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

BY

ELIZA COOK



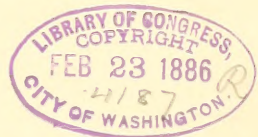
ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MISS L. B. HUMPHREY AND OTHERS

BOSTON

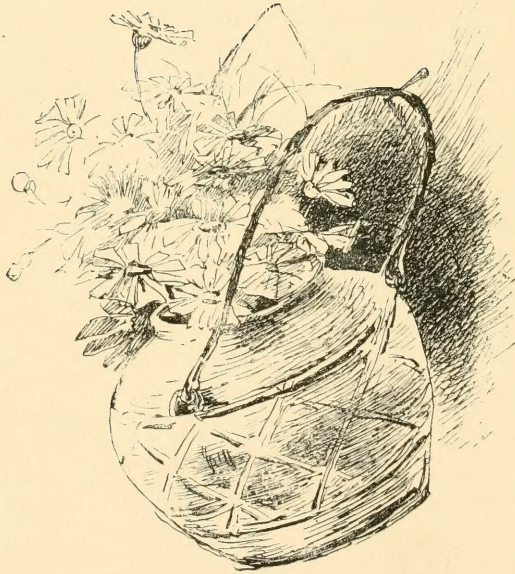
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY

FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS



(1886)

PR 4502
.05
1886



COPYRIGHT, 1886,
By D. LOTHROP & Co.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've cherished it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? — a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped —
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart could bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak
While the scalding tears drop down my cheek:
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who
shall dare
To chide me for loving that
old arm-chair?

I've cherished it long as a
sainted prize;
I've bedewed it with tears and
embalmed it with sighs.



'Tis bound by a thousand bands
to my heart ;

Not a tie will break, not a link
will start.

Would ye learn the spell? — a mother
sat there ;

And a sacred thing is that old
arm-chair.



In childhood's hour I lingered
near
The hallowed seat with listening
ear;
And gentle words that mother
would give,
To fit me to die and teach
me to live.



She told me that shame would
never betide,
With truth for my creed and
God for my guide ;



She taught me to lisp my
earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old
arm-chair.



I sat and watched her many
a day,
When her eye grew dim and her
locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when
she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless
her child.



Years rolled on; but the last one
sped —

My idol was shattered; my earth-
star fled;



I learned how much the heart
could bear,
When I saw her die in that
old arm-chair.

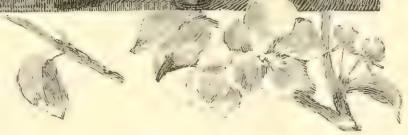
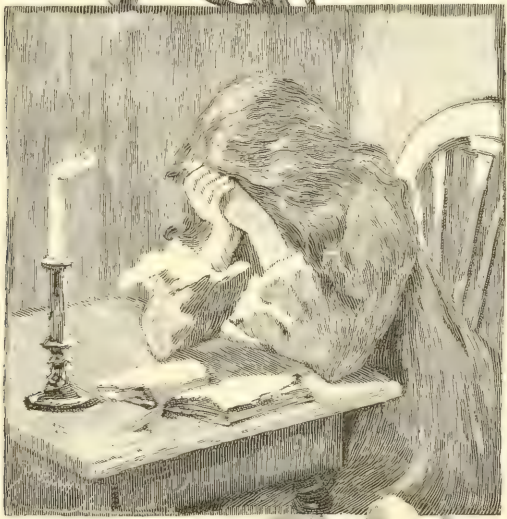


'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze
on it now

With quivering breath and
throbbing brow:



'Twas there she nursed me, t'was
there she died;
And Memory flows with lava
tide.



Say it is folly, and deem me
weak,

While the scalding tears drop down
my cheek:

But I love it, I love it, and cannot
tear

My soul from a mother's old
arm-chair.







